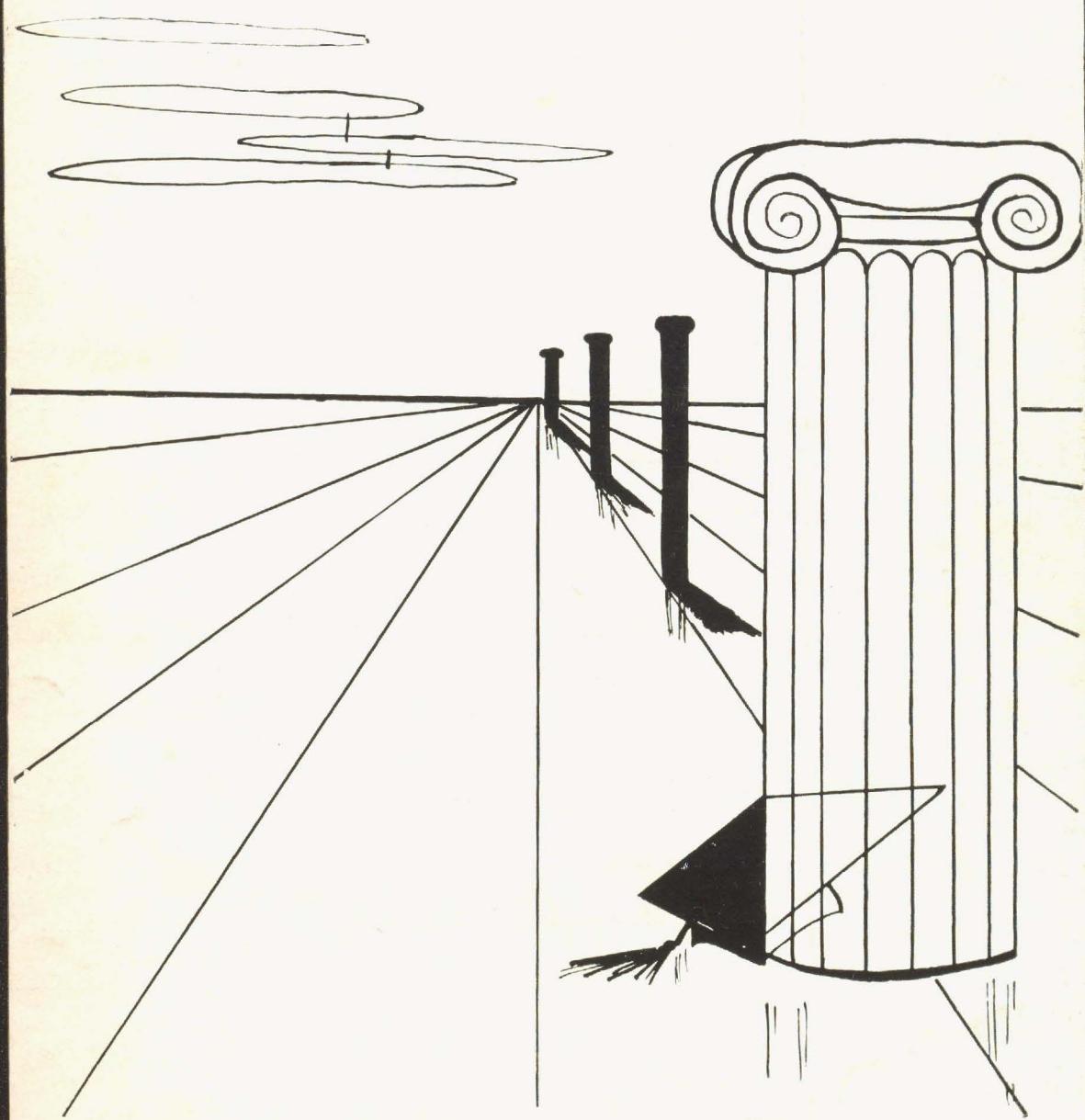


The EPAULET

May
1953



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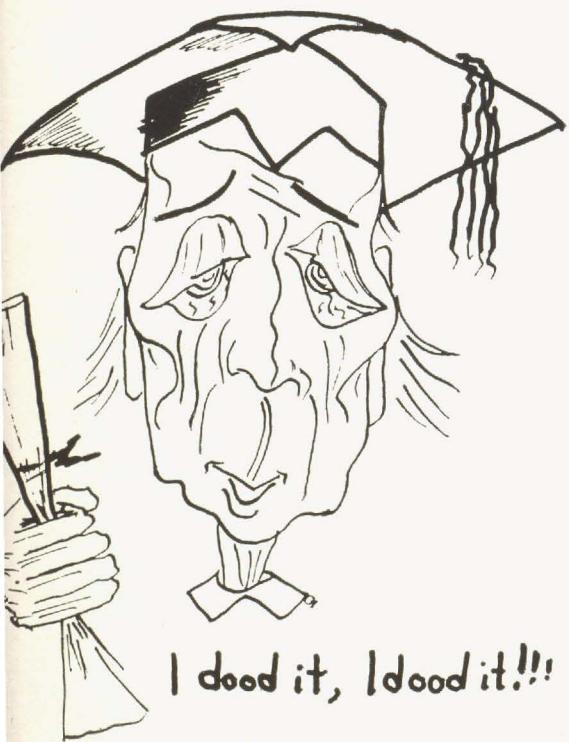
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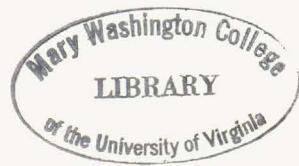
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. . . from THE EPAULET



Little Joe

By LYNN BAKER

I was a free lance reporter then. Two years ago it was. Just doing a job like a lot of other reporters, only mine wasn't walking the streets of any city. This beat was in Korea—and they told me I was right in the middle of a war. Well, that wasn't my beat. Covering the skirmishes belonged to the correspondents. Me? I was just writing a few stories to send the folks back home. Not exactly human interest, but not far from it. Somebody had to let the outside world know how the boys were doing and what they were thinking—all that kind of stuff. So I got it.

I'd traveled with a lot of outfits in the past year and a half, and I'd met a lot of regular guys. Come from all over the states and represented all types of people. But over here they had no individual personalities of their own. They were all just one big personality, one common character. The little, the big, the rich—all of them—parts of the fighting army that the folks back home wondered about.

There was one outfit, though, that was a little different. That's the one I'd like to tell you about. And there was one special guy in it that attracted my attention out of all the thousands I'd met so far. The outfit was the 42nd Division, 8th Battalion, U. S. Army, stationed somewhere in Korea. Can't tell you much about the place or the time—the Army keeps it top secret. But that isn't so important anyway, that isn't what I want to tell you about.

I joined the 42nd a year and half after I'd gotten to Korea. It was on a Sunday, only you'd never have known it over there. Sunday, Monday—no difference when you're fighting a war. As I came into the camp, I noticed that it was pretty quiet. At first I didn't see anyone,

so I strolled over to the tent that looked the most official and made a little commotion to let whoever was inside know I was around.

"Anybody here?" I shouted.

"Come in, come in. No doors here."

I pushed open the flap of the tent and went in. An elderly man was seated at what was supposed to pass for a desk. He wore the insignia of a major-general. This was the man I was to report to.

"Major Kendall?" I asked.

"That's right. What can I do for you?"

"Major, I'm Bill Mitchell. Came over from the 33rd to join your outfit for a while. Lieutenant Dawes sent word to you, I believe."

"Oh yes, yes, Hello Mitchell—I'm pleased to meet you. Welcome to the 42nd. We've been expecting you for some time now. I'm in charge of this outfit—the boys here call me "Hot Foot," just don't tell them I told you. They think it is a big secret, you know. Come on and I'll introduce you to some of the men."

We left the tent and walked over to a small opening under some trees. On the ground sat seven men. Some were reading letters, some smoking, and the others just gabbing for lack of anything else to do.

"Men, this is Bill Mitchell of United Press. He's going to be with us for a while, so make him feel at home. Junjo, go get our visitor some champagne." The Major addressed a small red-headed youth. I guessed he was about nineteen. Junjo came back with a hot tin of coffee—funniest looking champagne I'd ever seen. "I'll leave you now, Mitchell. Anything you want, you'll find me in the tent."

The Major left, and I went over and sat down with the men and began to ask a few questions. Where

were they from, what had they done before they left home for a short vacation in the service—all the usual feeling around, trying to make myself fit in, and let them know what I was like.

"Well, you see, Mr. Mitchell, drawled a tall, thin boy by the name of Johnny Green, "I just got so tired a livin' so hard back in Tennessee, so I thought I'd hop over here and take it easy for awhile. Got everything I need—good food, nice soft bed, easy hours, everything that makes for the easy life of an Army man."

I sat just listening to the boy tell me a little about themselves. Then I noticed him. A private, sitting apart from the others with his back resting on a small lump of dirt, got up, strolled over, and sat down next to him.

"Hi Joe. What's your name?"

"That's my name mister—Joe."

I looked at the boy and understood the reason for his nickname. He was little, not small, but really little. He reached about 5' 4" at the most. He had dark hair, blue eyes that showed a hint of depth and humor, and a mouth that suggested a lot of laughter, plenty of smiles for everybody.

Later I found out that Little Joe came from Mississippi. He was eighteen years old, just out of high school. This was the first job he ever had.

After a while the rest of the boys came over and joined us, and I sensed that Little Joe was something special to them. Whenever he opened his mouth, it was to say something that made all of us laugh. Yet, he was not merely a jokester. He gave the impression that he had learned pretty much in his time—sort of like he knew the secret to a lot of things.

From what the men told me, he was Little Joe that kept the group

ther. He never had a hard word anyone, did his work well, and a good fighting man. He was of this Army that the government supported. In a sense, he was boy that all mothers worried about and prayed for. Lance, Mike, Johnny, Ringo—all of them looked Little Joe for something, and he was the smallest and youngest of all.

I was pretty busy for a few days after my arrival at the camp. I had finish up a few odd reports to back to the paper and also get bearings and begin to note a few descriptions of the 42nd for my first story. I didn't see Little Joe until the third day. Coming in the radio shack, I saw him bring his equipment out in the morning. I went over and joined him, as I approached he grinned up at me like a kid asking for a favor. "Tell me, Joe, what are you gonna do after you get out of this man's army. Get married?—Have a lot of?"

"Well Mitch, I don't exactly know what I'm gonna do. Haven't got a girl yet. I'll just head for home and marry when I get there. Not much time to worry about the future here. All the future there is, is tomorrow. I've been thinking, though,

I might finish school, but I really know."

What about over here, Joe. Like eat it—how do you feel?" "Me? I'm not complaining. I can think of other places I'd rather be, after all, somebody's got to do ituh?"

Yeah, Joe, somebody's got to do it. I answered.

I had quiet acceptance, a quietating acceptance. No tragedy on Joe. He always could find something to laugh about. Over here might call him the morale of outfit, the gentle humor that comes from nowhere and keeps you going. Simple and quiet—nothing frantic—but deep and important to him in the Army or out of it.

All the guys that knew Little Joe had a lot of faith in him too. "Joe? Be a big guy someday, Mitch.

He's got the stuff that counts. Now me, for instance—always complaining; but him, he kinda keeps things on the OK around here. Every outfit has a heart, Joe's ours." Many times during the next few weeks I heard the same thought in different words from guys in the 42nd. Little Joe was pretty important around there.

Three months after I'd arrived, on a Sunday again, the 42nd was sent out on a mission. Counterattack to protect a small, but significant bridge ten miles outside of _____. It was about twenty miles from the camp. It was mid-afternoon when the outfit set out. I left my tent to say goodbye and then stood and watched the men march down the road. Up ahead were the seven guys I had first met. Little Joe was in the middle of the group, and the men seemed to be laughing at something he was saying. "What a way to fight a war," I smiled to myself. I went inside again and began typing out my story. I was almost finished.

It was thirteen hours later when the men began coming back into camp. I was asleep when they came, so I wasn't outside to greet them. When I woke up, I went over to the clearing to hear about the skirmish.

As I approached I felt the silence. I imagined it was complete weariness, but I was wrong. No one looked up as I reached the clearing. Ringo, Lance, and Mike, and a few of the others sat around, no one spoke. Two of the boys were playing cards.

"Hello, guys. How goes it?" I asked.

Lance looked up and said, "OK Mitch—sit down."

I sat down and tried to talk with the men. Something was missing. They looked the same, talked the same, but the words didn't say much—just idle talk. I guessed that they didn't even know what they were saying. I was in the middle of asking Mike what the combat had been like when I noticed all eyes turn to the road. The jeeps were bringing in the wounded and the dead from the battle. The men stood, not moving, while the jeepsters entered camp

and began unloading. The wounded were taken into the hospital tent; the dead were placed on the ground until burial could be arranged.

Lance nodded his head to me to follow as the men, one by one, walked over to where the dead were lying on the dirt. They stopped at the end of the row and stood encircling one of the bodies. All of them removed their caps. I pushed in between Lance and Mike and looked down.

For a while I didn't think—or speak. I looked up and noticed one of the boys silently crying. I had never seen a man cry before—it was a funny sensation. In a while they all left. I remained looking down at the small body that lay on the ground. Soon I left too and headed back to my tent. I'd have to write this story over because the ending wasn't right. I realized why the men had seemed so strange a while ago when I had been talking to them. Something was missing, I had thought. I was right too. Something was missing—the heart.

I came home right after that. Now I'm a steady reporter—my free lance stuff is over for good. I've seen all I want to. It's a good feeling to be here—a good dependable feeling.

The stories I wrote up on my Korean jaunt are coming out in book form pretty soon. The one that you might notice in particular has an ending that goes like this:

It was Sunday when I left the 42nd. I said my goodbyes and went to get in the jeep, which was taking me to the main base. Before I got in, one of the boys came over to me and asked to show me something. We walked over to the place where the buried were. I walked beside long rows of never-ending white crosses until I came to a small one, smaller than all the rest. I had to bend down to read the inscription:

Here is our humor, our courage, our right; LITTLE JOE—

HEART OF THE 42nd.

"Hurray," cried the rabbit running out of the forest fire, "I've been defurred!"

—The Splinter

Music and

By DR. CHARMENZ LENHART

Originally the outlines of this book, now tentatively titled "The Influence of Music Upon American Poetry," embraced the poetry of the English, French, and German romantic schools as well. However, as it became more and more evident that musical influence upon American poets and poetry was far more extensive than had been initially thought, the subject was of necessity limited to American poetry up till the year 1880. The modern American poets make so extensive and conscious a use of music that exploration of their poetry in this light can only be justified by a second book—one I hope to complete by fall. It is, of course, difficult to telescope the substance of a book into the space of a few pages, but I think the reader may be interested in some few of the findings and the purposes for the writing of such a book.

From a rather closer scrutiny of music than most young musicians attain and a deep love of literature, I came early to the conclusion that there was much more to be said about the relationship of music and poetry than anything that I could find on the subject at that time. Incidentally, in the time that it has taken me to complete this book, Calvin Brown's *Music and Literature*, one of the more thorough studies of the whole subject, has appeared. For one thing, the prosodic schools in their continued quarrels with each other seemed to be attempting to force classical methods of scansion upon lyric poets who had never written with these principles in mind. Classical scansion, it became more apparent to me, had little to do with the poet's rhythmical pattern as he conceived it, and this was often true even of such earlier and greater poets as Shakespeare and Milton—both of whom were musicians and musically knowledge. The forcing of syllables to classical scansion acted as a violation upon a rather large body of verse. I was interested in the reason for this, and I discovered that those poets with musical training attained greater metrical freedom and were more often given to metrical experiments than those less familiar with the musical muse. The numbers of poets who were musically knowledge—and this knowledge varied in kind and in quality—were astonishing, and the book began to take shape when that information was known.

Scarcity of material on the extent of American music for concert hall in the earlier periods and a series of misleading assumptions, repeated without further inquiry in

book after book, did much to obscure the American musical scene, I found. The environment in which American poets lived, it was commonly assumed, was scarce one in which music could be said to have played much part. One of my first tasks was to establish the musical environment of the time nad to indicate the kinds of music heard in seventeenth and eighteenth century America. Here the pioneering work of Sonneck, Pratt, and others was helpful, but such information was still woefully incomplete. And actually as page after page of this book was being written, musicologists were still in the process of unearthing the rich layers of our earlier musical culture. This music, though it differs in quality and quantity from ours, is represented in poetic styles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. And as the period became "more musical"—that is, as more music was heard and written, and as music changed or gained in depth or emotional stature, or in style, poetry reflected these changes in the actual text itself.

Seventeenth century American poets, for instance, wrote many verses to hymn and psalm tunes, and as lyrics were sung to some familiar melody, and these melodies altered the verse lines and had much to do with the rhythmical patterns. Eighteenth century American poets who were musically knowledge, succumbed frequently to the passion for the cantata ode, writing to the music of Hokinson or Billings as the English poets had to Handel or Purcell. The lyric poets of the eighteenth century American scene wrote Pindaric odes as well as hymns and sonnets to music. Nineteenth century American poetry reflects the tremendous impact of romantic music and the numbers of poems of a lyrical nature increased. The poet indicated his interest in music by 1) the composition of ballads and narratives to famous old folk tunes; 2) writing librettos of a nature suitable for musical setting; 3) writing a poem as a result of hearing a musical composition and trying to recreate it in words; 4) writing a lyric to a remembered melody; 5) attempting to equate without the range of poetry the musical qualities of songs associated with music; 6) attempting to capture some of the quality of abstractness associated with music which expresses the yearning for immortality of the human spirit; 7) breaking away from poetic patterns of too rigid a nature; 8) raising again the question of quantity.

American Poetry

e; 9) seeking to darken the tone of verse and heighten emotional quality of it; 10) sharpening the phrase, using deliberate use of parallelism, repetition, balance contrast, as well as attempting a "musical" climax;

borrowing musical forms such as the canon, the rondeau, the round; 12) deliberately using onomatopoetic (musical) devices; 13) writing marginal directions outside the text of the poem as to the exact performance of the poem; 14) using musical images and imagery; 15) naming a melody from an alliterative pattern.

The nineteenth century's interest in the new romantic musical idiom of instrumental (symphonic) music rather than sung (vocal) music is embodied in the effort of nineteenth century American poets' efforts to attain a symphonic structure or a symphonic effect in their verse. See American poets of the century who made most conscious use of music in their poetry were Poe, Whitman, and Lanier.

The oft-praised musical quality of Poe's verse was a consciously achieved effect. He made use of syllables as if they were musical notes, and not only were his sounds chosen for their harmonies, but they were also chosen for rhythmic values. His rhythms were far more complicated than they appear to be, given to extensive syncopations and poly-rhythmic effects.

Walt Whitman not only came under the influence of Poe, but also the symphony—a fact too infrequently considered by prosodists laboring away at his sprawling

lines. Perhaps the most rewarding chapter, as research, is the Whitman chapter where it was possible to reveal that in his old notebooks he was seeking out musical parallels for the form of *Leaves of Grass*. His attempts at achieving a verbal symphony are interesting because they precede Lanier's, though they differ in concept. He said himself that many of his poems were directly inspired by music—that he wrote them as improvisations while hearing music.

Lanier, of course, knew most about the techniques of music and his poetry evidences this fact—at least his last and best poems do. His is an unusual rhythmic dexterity, verbal display equalled by no poet since, except perhaps Conrad Aiken. Lanier's own prosodic study is the only one of any stature by a poet. It is both enlightening and important, and modern poets seem to have used it as a point of departure for still more rhythmic irregularities and experimental rhymes.

It is the purpose of a writing, such as this one, to shed more light upon what seems often to be a faulty foot, an obscure style, an unscannable line. Often these are but limitations in the critics' own schooling, for poets may have been seeking an unusually fortunate melding of music and verse, something of an experimental nature on a level known to the poet and the initiated reader. The more modern the poetry, the more often it has to be read in "sounds and tempos," in rhythms and pitches as music is. The critic who ignores this fact does violence to a whole area of musical verse.

THE RIVER

By PAMELA ROBERTS

All whipped to gold the river rushes by,
And suddenly I hear the torrent speak.
It laughs, then whispers through the roar
One word of truth—but then it thunders on.

Don't go! O futile wish. The voice is gone.
Forever in the world; forever gone.
The voice will speak to others, yet I'll keep
The moment, and the spelling of the work.

HORRIBLE

By SUE QUELCH

I am the owner of a very quiet and unassuming alarm clock named Horrible. Horrible has become very dear to me in the hectic years since I set out upon my academic career. I am afraid, however, that he is growing old.

He has always lived an exemplary life and has tried hard to please. Now I'm afraid he has some sort of coronary trouble. His ticking has a strange, off-beat rhythm which sounds like a beginner using the hunt and peck system on a typewriter. He stops unexpectedly at unusual hours. This makes things difficult as most professors aren't at all sympathetic to ailing alarm clocks.

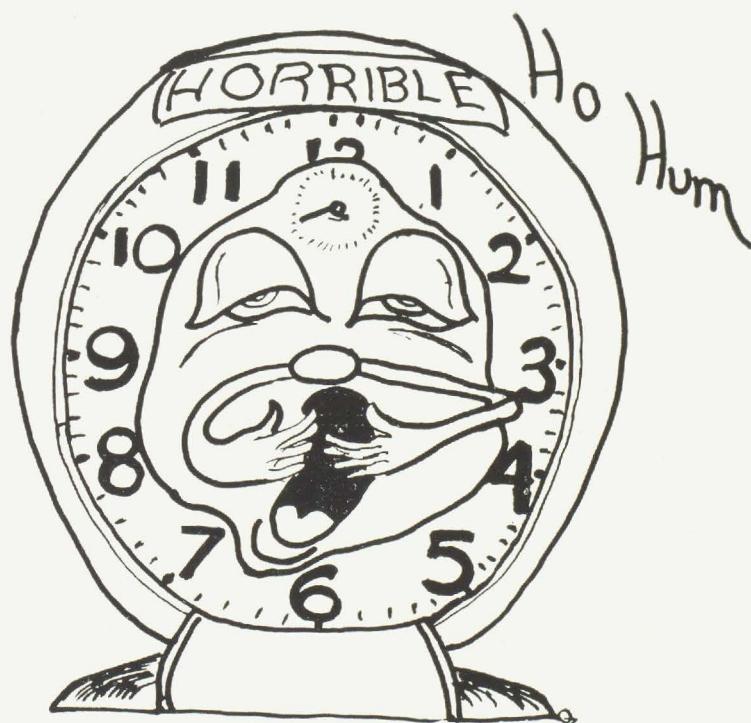
Perhaps he's tired and run down, or maybe his main spring has sprung.

Lately too, Horrible's alarm has been a little weak. He used to burst out with a healthy clanging that could be heard by anyone not dead or in a coma. Now he can only manage a weak jingling noise which fails to disturb even the birds nesting in the ivy outside the window. This is very sad since what it takes to rouse me is a sort of combination atomic blast and earthquake. Maybe I could arrange to rent the rescue squad horn to bolster Horrible's ineffective alarm.

Perhaps Horrible is only discouraged with trying to compete with our melodious friend on George

Washington. I can see that the booming chimes every fifteen minutes compared to Horrible's feeble ticking would be deflating to an ambitious clock's ego.

It could be the rough treatment he's been given. Standing on his head in a crowded suitcase and occasionally being bounced on the floor is not exactly conducive to good running condition. And the mumble blasphemy thrown at him on cold Monday mornings would dampen anyone's spirits. It is said that people who get run down wind up in hospital. Maybe a good repair job is all that Horrible needs.



Campus Corruption

By GARY LEE COX

In insidious poison is deteriorating the minds of M. W. C. girls. It is becoming a mode of escape for everyone on campus. Walk into almost any room and you will find the pants deep in this diversion, the piles of dirty laundry and the books lay undisturbed and untouched. The most popular and the most sought after girl on campus is the one who peddles this deadly menace. She is an addict herself and loves to have others to the habit. At any

time there may be a stealthy knock at his evil one's door and a newly-converted enthusiast will enter unobtrusively and ask in a breathless whisper, "Do you have any love books?" This type of literature has become a threat to the hallowed halls of learning. However one may try, the habit is almost impossible to break. After reading one of these serial magazines one invariably comments on their complete idiocy and how degrading they are and then needs to avidly read another. These books may be divided into two types. Those with happy endings are considered to be silly and worthless but still manage to maintain popularity; however, those tragic endings are regarded as exciting entertainment and far exceed the average trash. In both types the plot is monotonously the same, though the exotic names and places varied.

For an example of the first group let's take the experience of Lotus Lotus, dramatics major. Lotus is a princess of glamour and wealth. Her friend from Peter Pan Prep is every Saturday night with her in Willard parlor, much to her consternation. She longs for the excitement of real living that her friends enjoy. When her roommate offers her a date with a Virginia man, she hesitates at the chance, never think-

ing of the dire consequences of such folly. Alas for poor Lotus, she takes a drink at the fraternity house which so befuddles her that she is late getting in. Remorseful and heartbroken, she returns to face the Dean who forbids her to ever return to Charlottesville. This is not the real tragedy of the story, however; her faithful boy friend from Peter Pan has discovered the episode and is frightfully angry. He weakens to her lamentations and apologies, conceding to forgive her, and we see them last in Willard parlor, holding hands and discussing their future. In spite of this horrible stain on her life, Lotus looks forward to a brighter tomorrow.

The moral of the above story is plain to see and is a warning to all of those who think that they are bored with their own simple existence. The next type of romance is undoubtedly the favorite and designed to arouse the tender emotions of young school girls.

Devastating Mary has two loves; one at Annapolis and one at West Point. She is in love with both of them, especially the week-ends at both schools, and she leads them on shamelessly. This treachery and deceit goes undiscovered by both of the boys until one fateful night at an Academy hop. Mary is in her midshipman's arms, whispering sweet promises into his ear, when whom should she see but the cadet from West Point, who is on an exchange week-end. Fisticuffs ensue and result in both boys being shipped from their respective schools for disorderly conduct. Poor Mary is shunned by her lovers and has to bear the burden of her guilt alone. One of the boys is now working in a shoe factory and the other is forced to attend a mediocre school south of Fredericksburg. Their lives are ruined and

nothing will ever be the same. In the last picture, Mary, with suitcase in hand, is returning to the farm to forget her heartbreak and shame. We are assured that she will not find happiness again for some time, if ever.

Thus we see the degrading literature to which our young girls are being exposed. If the school would provide other modes of escape such as afternoon cocktail parties, gaming tables, and well-known combos in the library, the girls would have more wholesome means to entertain themselves. The professors can do their part by putting more of Mickey Spillane and Earl Stanley Gardner on freshmen reading lists. We must unite against this mania which is undermining the high intellectual standards of our educational institutions.

Hickory dickory dock,
Two mice ran up the clock,
The clock struck one
But the other one got away.

—The Splinter

An English farmer was out in the field one day, sprinkling purple dust over the ground, when a stranger passed by.

"Why are you sprinkling that purple dust over the ground?" he asked.

"To keep lions away."

"My dear fellow, don't you know there hasn't been a lion in England for over two thousand years?"

"Well, confidentially," said the farmer, "it's a lucky thing — this stuff isn't very good." —Syracusan

There are some girls men remember
And some girls men forget
There was one that he remembered
And the bullet is in her yet.

GEORGE

By CAROL ANN SMITH

"That's my mother honking now," George said flatly. He looked across the field to the shiny Lincoln. He hated always having to leave early, and he especially hated having his mother come after him.

He heard Pete saying, "That's a terrific car." Pete was his friend. Pete always tried to help. The other boys were awfully quiet now. He didn't know why, but he didn't like the quiet. They were always quiet when his mother honked. He thought sometimes maybe they were jealous.

"George!" That was Mother. He never liked his name. It sounded sissy. The guys called him Mac.

"S'long, Mac, if you gotta go," said Pete. "Make sure you're here Saturday afternoon. We need a catcher. And besides, you didn't come last time."

"I'll get here. I told you I'd get here, Pete." Then he ran slowly across the lot, turning to wave at the gang. He was wondering why it was that he always acted funny when his Mother was around. He didn't even joke with the guys. He hoped she wouldn't notice the tear in his sleeve and the scratches on his knee. At least not right away.

"George, get in here! Don't you know you've kept me waiting? The bridge club is coming tonight and I have to rush dinner. And I've simply got loads of work for you. Poor Hannah's been working herself silly all day. Close the door tight, George. Oh, I do so hate to have dinner early. It ruins the schedule. George! Is your sleeve torn? Turn around and let me see it. Oh! What am I ever going to do with you? Your father isn't made of money, you know. It's that rowdy bunch of boys you play with. If it weren't for Peter . . . he's such a nice boy. Comes from such a good family. I was speaking with Peter's mother the other day . . ."

Sometimes he got the idea that his mother didn't like his friends. Anyhow, if it weren't for Pete, she wouldn't let him even go to the lot after school. Pete's parents were regular. Pete's dad pitched to them sometimes. Just practice, of course, but his own father never even had time to come and watch. They were all good guys, the gang. Some of them were even better than he. He wasn't such a hot catcher. He remembered trying to tell his mother that one time. She didn't understand. Heck, he wasn't really superior. Just because his hair was blonde and he didn't go to the Catholic Church? Why, he liked going to Stations with the fellows once in a while, but he wouldn't tell Mother. And how would she know if their homes were dirty? Joe's house always smelled nice and spicy. And it was clean. Not as clean as Mother's house, of course, but then, no house was as clean as Mother's. And Joe's mom was nice. She'd talk to him. He wished his own mother would get excited about a ball game the way Joe's mother did.

"George! Sometimes I think you don't listen to me. I said the ladies are coming at eight. I want you in bed and out of the way by then. And you'll have to be careful about the bathroom. It's been cleaned. And don't use the towels on the racks. I'll give you one. George, do you hear me?"

"Yes'm. I was just thinking. Gee, Mom, the team's playing a terrific game next Saturday. It's really going to be good. I'm the only catcher we've got; so I have to be there. Pete and Joe are counting on me. And being's I wasn't there the last game . . ."

"Now, George, I've made other plans for Saturday. Early in the morning we're going to visit Aunt Edith."

"But, Mother, you made me miss the last game. And I've promised . . ."

"You know you shouldn't go around making promises you won't be able to keep. That's all there is to it."

"Now don't whine, George. You know I can't stand to hear children whine. Now Hannah probably has a list of things for you to do when we get back. Perhaps you can wash the ashtrays or something."

But the ashtrays were always clean in Mother's house. Mother didn't smoke, and she wouldn't let Father do it often. Even George's room was always clean. He remembered the day when he brought the puppy in. It had a home outside, but it started to rain and George brought it in. When his mother found it on the bed she threw a fit. George was spanked and the puppy was scolded. And it hadn't done anything at all. The next week she gave it away to someone. She always used to say that a dog should be kept outside in the open.

He remembered, too, a long time ago when the little girl next door was making mud pies. She gave one to George and he brought it in to show his mother. She slapped it from his hand, cried it was dirty and made him wash his hands. Then she had looked funny at the little girl when she'd begun to cry.

Mother never cried and didn't like anyone else to cry. Even if it was a baby. George had heard the neighbors say that he had been the quietest baby they ever knew and that his mother must have been able to exert her will power even then. He hadn't understood it, but he never understood his mother. She wasn't like other mothers. She had never sung nursery rhymes to him or baked him

(Continued on Page 17)

THE EPAULETTE

When You Gotta Go . . .

By ANNE LOYD

June 2, 1953. I arose at seven in the morning, regretfully kicked my sneakers toward the back of the closet and pulled out a pair of heels. As a woman of the world and I had a diploma to prove it. (Class of '33, Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia.) A sweet graduate, equipped with everything but a job. My diploma was warm—so was I from the 99 44/100% pure wool "academic humor" I had been sporting on the first. Now what? With resolution, I faced the future. Breakfast! For my mother explained gently that it really wasn't necessary to bring my tray back to the kitchen if I wanted to be helpful, I could wash the dishes, I decided to strike while the iron was hot.

"I'm going to get a job." I announced.
Silence.

"Today," I added rashly.
"Shall I leave the dishes?"
Absolutely no confidence in me! I washed the dishes. Then I dressed myself in my smart career girl outfit advertised in three leading fashion-magazines and purchased at Carson's. I strode firmly to the front door. I was about to make a dramatic announcement about opportunity knocking when someone did knock. I opened the door. It wasn't opportunity, but a small grimy urchin with a less than perfect lack of teeth.

"Collect for the paper?" he lisped, holding some change in a grubby hand.

I paid him and left the house feeling like an accepted bread winner ready.

I considered the situation carefully. None with my rare talents could easily start at the top. So I set out to find my niche in public life. My niche seemed occupied at present. Accepted the stony politeness of

Y, 1953

three receptionists and my failure to get beyond the outer door of three offices as an example of present-day social hysteria, and stopped in a convenient drug store for a cup of coffee. I purchased a paper and scrutinized the want ads, as I unobtrusively eased my feet out of the shoes. The want ads were terrific. I could be a welder-shipfitter, a center line painter on the highway or a research librarian for an aged country doctor, also cook and do light housework. A bit further down the page, I saw: Lost, one pair black kid gloves—that was an idea. I could look for lost articles and support myself on the rewards. A vision materialized. I became Miss Keene, Tracer of Lost Articles, the toast of the city. The reward for the gloves was two dollars. The next item was a lost horse. Regretfully, I folded up my vision for the time being. I read the funnies.

Then, stuffing my feet back into the shoes, I limped bravely out into the turmoil of the city. My confidence in my abilities was undiminished and my wind was good, thanks to four physical education courses in my college career (Swimming, Archery - Social

Dance, Tennis - Volleyball, Golf - Bowling.).

I thought of all my classmates who were faced with the same problem I had and walked a little faster in case one of them was just ahead of me and planning to apply for a job—any job. Panic was setting in. I stepped dead in my tracks. My life passed in review before me. I saw my happy childhood, my carefree school days, my cut-filled college career. Sunbathing on the ramp, late breakfast in the "C" Shoppe, fried onions at H. J.'s. All gone. Youth was wasted on the young, and college security lavished foolishly on the undergraduate. The jobless graduate needed all the comfort and encouragement she could get, starting at \$120 a week. There I was, young, talented, attractive—in a secretive sort of way—full of strength and new ideas. Complete with all the answers to the problems of the entire world, I stood, and do you think anyone would hire me? No, the world was stuffed with mediocrity, and unable to recognize the superlative. With remarkable calm in the face of such prejudice, I

(Continued on Page 18)



Exams - This Week!

SELECTED

By VALERIE BRADY

SOMETHING

I notice that I am misunderstood.
My friends are worried.
About my soul, I think.

"Morbidity," they say, "and cynicism,
Warp the heart, you know, and harden it."

Morbidity? A madman is a glass jar,
Torn by ridiculous sobs.
Cynicism? The implement of idiots
Who tilt back in their chairs
And let the air ring with their laughter.

No, it is not that.
And these things are not harmful.
Shake the jar a little
And you will see the madman laugh.
And even smiling fools will cry,
If the chair should fall.

You see it is something different.
The dry caked dust of a country road during a drought.
Something that holds nothing
Of tears or laughter.
But only, after all,
Monotony.

A NOISE THAT SOUNDED

A noise that sounded like a dying bird
Was tapped upon the air
And then departed.
A blot of blood appeared
Upon the circle of the eye
And dropped in seconds.
The slightest itching of a little pain
Was felt inside . . . and then was gone.

Still, through it all,
The ticking feet of time paced on.
And inside all the minds of
People on the street
Came not a soul to say,
"I heard, I saw, I felt
That in a whispered second
Chirped the twisting of a heart that broke
Upon some sharpened spike of piercing memories."

LIFE IS EMPTY

A hand reached out one time to grasp,
And I, in blindless, took it
Thinking that it meant to heal
And give the soothing ointments
Of a love that could not die.

The taloned fingers clawed across my heart
And left a raking fire
That dances there forever,
Laughing at the pain.

GIVE ME

Give me a straw of thought
To clutch upon
Within the drifting sea,
Misunderstanding.
Give me a parachute of happiness
Upon the air of doubt.

I SHALL REMEMBER

I shall remember
Lights that flickered somewhere on the bay
And lit the way to tragedy
And I shall wonder if they still gleam
Unknowing that they shattered happiness
With little prongs of darting gold
One summer night . . .
Though it was long ago.

A MAN WENT WALKING

A man went walking out one night
And saw the moon.
Long hours he stared, enraptured.
He watched the silver fingers poking through his hair.
He saw the icy light float through the skies.
And frightened, for he knew not what it was,
He fled.

Time passed—and when the world had gone to sleep
The moon came to his window, crept through the blinds
And floated through the screen
Lo! I am death, she said, and stroked his brow,
And quivered in his eyes.
And so he died, moon covered, and alone.

POETRY

By JEAN ARMSTRONG

IN THE BEGINNING

Word has spawned in many streams . . .
A net flung out been broken through,
While mason jars grow cold . . . filling up with worms;
Sport referred to second choice.

Titan lord, warm us on the beach.
(grow so cold at sea.)

Stilian tongues strike out elucidation;
While mariners choke down the dusty herbs
Some exultant Demeter.

Timeless beat of immortality
Is out the vaguest of answers.

Say not all because we are not all.
Let us be prepared to start again . . . at dawn.

WORDS

The stuffy, ill-spoken words.
You know them all.
You speak them in the
Crowded room.
The lonely crowded room
Where meaning is lost
And so are you.

MEETING

The minds that never meet
In cheap hotels and one night stands . . .
And that never slurp coffee
From heavy handled cups
That are tossed out a dime a throw
On busy intersections
In a busy city
In a busy world.
The minds that never greet one another
On white sanded beaches
Or on deep plushed carpets
In offices where the ventilation
Brings with it the vibrating sounds
Of honking, noisy traffic
That leaves oily smears along the streets.
The minds that are strangers
Will never meet in familiar surroundings.
But they may meet some day
On the pages pressed together
In a volume filled with words.

TWEED

Shady trees and green meadows
Where first she breathed the air . . .
Or in some cool and sheltered
Stall a smile broke on a solemn face
That life was given safety.
A bay with gentle eyes
Looked at the world and
Wobbled on shaky legs,
Nosing the new mown hay
To see what life could offer.

So imagination would
Picture her and call back
Those sweetest days.
Quivering nostrils smelled
The man who rode her first.
Newly shod hoofs made imprints in
The sod and she went well.
Beauty is no virtue
When known only to the eye . . .
But she had virtuous
Beauty which patient years of
Loving had brought forth.
A heart with the will to do
When guided by skilled hands.
And so she lived her life.
She died today.
To say it was too short a visitation on this
Earth and that it was unfair to live and
Give her best to be numbed by ungracious fate
Is not enough.
I saw her pass from this world to the next.
All feeling, save for her, was gone.
And after I had stroked her neck, I walked away.
There was a hill to climb.
And glancing down, I noticed that
A shoelace was untied.

A GRIN

A silly, lopsided grin . . .
Nothing symmetrical about it . . .
Nothing beautiful;
Yet you love it.
And sometimes the owner
Is the worst of the bunch.
But then . . . what can you expect?
Much of life is the same way.

Silver Wings

By DORIS VIRGINIA STEELE

Ann was watching her little year old son as he lay in his crude wooden crib. His entire body was hot as he tossed restlessly on the mattress. Ann had had enough training in caring for the sick, but little David was not the usual case of illness this time. She had done all that she knew to do, yet his fever still ran high. It would not have mattered so much if Kim had been able to contact the main compound for a doctor, but life on a mission field was not always so simple.

Outside Ann could see Kim as he sat at the table before the short-wave radio set. There was an atmosphere about him of complete calmness which she had learned to expect from him even under trying circumstances. She watched him now as he slowly turned the dials in a vain attempt to receive some sound from them. A life was depending on that very sound which might signify some means of help, but as yet no word had been received. Ann knew that jungle fever was dangerous no matter how much care was available, but the chances of survival were very slim if treatment wasn't started soon enough. It was a race against time, and each moment lost seemed like taking steps toward an unwanted goal.

It had been just about a week ago that contact had been made by short-wave to secure needed supplies and food. The equipment had worked perfectly then, but now in a time of distress it was proving to be useless. It would require hours to take it apart, precious hours which could not be spared, and then there would still be the possibility that it would need parts which they would not possess.

Their only chance was to play with the set as it was in hopes that the defective wire might be found and replaced in time for help to be secured.

As long as she could keep David awake he would be safe, but if he became unconscious there would be little hope of survival. Ann watched him now as he moved his arms about. They appeared so heavy for him to move; yet the intense fever made his small body so restless that he was forced into motion to relieve the tension. The hot African sun had slowly crept into the room until its rays almost touched the crib. Ann moved the small table to the other side of the room in order to put the crib out of the sun. Even the grass roof was not much help in cooling the room. The intense heat was not so noticeable to Ann when she performed her usual tasks, but now as she kept her close vigil it seemed as if the entire hut had been placed over a stove. The stillness in the air was disturbed only by the occasional movements of the child.

Kim was still patiently testing wires on the short-wave set, trying earnestly to find the source of trouble before it would be too late, when Ann came to the doorway to report that conditions were still the same within. Before returning inside she lifted her eyes above the tops of the trees on the edge of the compound to the clear blue sky. Her heart gave a start when she first saw the tiny dark speck on the blue background. For a moment she refused to believe that it could possibly be their supplies. The plane carrying them was not due for several more days, yet this dark speck could be accounted for in no

other way. Kim followed her gaze and suddenly saw the cause of the relieved expression on Ann's face. The black speck grew steadily in size until it was unmistakably identified by its silver wings as the supply plane. Kim made his way quickly to the runway on the far edge of the clearing while Ann disappeared into the hut.

The sun reflected brightly on the silver wings of the plane as it glided across the compound before coming to a halt near Kim. As the supplies were quickly unloaded, Kim told the pilot of the useless attempt to get help and the work spent on the short-wave set which had proved worthless. By the time supplies were offloaded, Ann was ready to leave. Kim held his son tightly in his arms while the pilot made arrangements in the plane to accommodate his two passengers. Ann settled herself comfortably in the space provided and then Kim handed her the precious bundle from his arms. David was still hot with fever and restless. Ann folded her arms about him. She knew the battle against time was most won as the noise of the propellers drowned out all other sounds. Kim backed away from the runway as the plane taxied into position to take off. The plane was gracefully lifted into the air while the sun reflected in all its glory on the silvery wings.

Kim kept his eyes on the plane until it was almost out of sight and the silver wings had become a dark speck on the sky once more. The race against time was no longer his. Kim turned his eyes from the plane and bowed his head in prayer.

THE DAY OF THE GOD—By Paul Gauguin

By ANNE EVANS

And the conclusion shall not be reached
Green shall pass into yellow then back into green
But a meter of red will do as well;
We were at the conclusion of something that had been before
But infinity became green.

He sits down in the bottom. At his right hangs the hook,
fastened to the line by strands of hair
And this line, which he holds in his hand, and this hook,
he lets fall down into the depths of the universe
in order to fish for the great fish
The hook was caught.
Already the axes show, already the God feels the enormous weight
Tefatou caught by the hook, emerges out to the night
still suspended in the immensity of space
Maooui has caught the great fish which swims in space,
and he can now direct it according to his will.

CARS

By JEAN ARMSTRONG

Those little cars.
You know the ones . . .
Plastic . . . kid's toys.
They've got a key on the side
And a spring winds up when
The key is turned the right way.
And then they run.
It's funny . . . but one little kid
Was crying because his didn't run
And he'd wound it.
The trouble was he didn't wind enough.
Another child was crying.
He couldn't understand why it wouldn't run.
The trouble was he had broken the spring.
He didn't stop turning the key in time.

FRIENDS

By JEAN ARMSTRONG

Why couldn't we be friends . . .
Are there excuses to offer
Or reasons why?
I see you passing by.
With you goes something I need.
If you smiled and stopped
To be my friend
We might both know the world
A little bit better.

THE PHANTOM

By VALERIE BRADY

The phantom of a memory
Came back tonight
And tapped upon my soul
In effort to regain some entrance
There.
Could I, in fairness to infinity
And time,
Refuse admittance to the little chastened form
That crept so humbly to my heart,
When once it had gone forth
With pride and with a dancing step,
Into the realms of nowhere and the past?

THE PARTY

By IRENE HUGHES

The smoke-clouded room was suffocatingly warm, and the air reeked the odor of many liquors. Dark clothed figures contrasted sharply with light gowned ones as they mingled, and as she watched, Tim was reminded of a painting by Manet with light lurking in its shadows. It was a colorful party, she thought.

Timothee Cantrell observed this as she stood alone near the temporary bar on the far side of the room. She had been unconsciously surveying the low, luxurious room with its bright colors and smart furnishings which served as a background for the stage of gay personalities. It seemed that the producer had invited everyone who had ever worked for him, and his apartment was still not filled.

She was interrupted by someone asking her to dance; she moved her head a little, indicating no. Then she walked into the next room, stopping once to hear the crude joke of a man from her dance company. She laughed politely and moved on. Someone called her name, and she turned to see a girl from one of the choruses whom she knew only as Marty. She smiled and said an expected something. The girl seemed flattered.

A short, bald man whistled softly as she passed; she ignored him. A young man emerged from the crowd and came rushing towards her as if he had been chasing her for some time. He held a tall drink in his hand, and suddenly remembering, he offered it to Tim. She smiled her thanks. He said abruptly, "You're very beautiful tonight, Tim. You're always beautiful," he added.

"Thank you, Bob," and she moved away.

Tim was beautiful. Her tall, graceful figure attracted attention everywhere. Her face was delicately molded ivory, and her eyes gleamed

of blackness. And she was a beautiful dancer.

She was bored—and tired. It was an old story—the party, the drinks, the mechanical smile, the forced gaiety—none of it meant anything. She walked out onto the balcony. The wind was blowing in from the lake, and it gently brushed the hair from her face in passing. She stood there breathing deeply for several moments as though she were trying to absorb the whole universe. Then she sat down upon the railing and leaned her back against the post. She became part of the stillness. The party and its people seemed very far away.

She glanced down and saw the crowded boulevard. It reminded her of a game she had played as a child. The lane to the country house had been a busy boulevard like the one below, and each tree along the side had become a skyscraper. The weeds which crowded each side of the lane had been transfigured into many noisy people on the sidewalks of her make-believe city. She had come down from the house every evening at sunset and walked in the warm sand of the lane. There, with only the birds and trees for an audience, she had practiced for the role of a great lady.

She remembered that after practice, she used to continue along the lane to the road; that part of the walk had been devoted to dreaming. The miniature Tim had dreamed tall dreams. She had imagined a world of her own, a world in which she would preside as leading lady. She would be the beautiful lady adored and loved, and she would always be happy. No career had been included; she had simply wanted to live beautifully and perfectly.

Sitting on the railing of the bal-

cony and overlooking the real city of her life, Tim remembered the dreams without bitterness; the whole thing seemed ironical. She had the life she had dreamed of, but something had happened to the little girl and happiness. They were forever lost.

Someone was standing in the doorway. Tim recognized Marty and smiled. The young girl said, "Aren't you enjoying the party, Miss Cantrell?"

"The party's very nice, Marty. I came out for a breath of fresh air, and it's so lovely out here I'm afraid I've stayed longer than I planned. Tim returned.

"Yes, it is nice, and it's so stupid inside," the girl agreed.

"Then why not join me for a few minutes. It's relaxing," Tim added.

"Thank you, I will." The girl walked to the other end of the balcony and looked out over the city. Presently she said, "Miss Cantrell, I suppose you love it."

"What?"

"The city, your success, everything," she said, indicating with a touch of her hand the party inside.

"Yes." Tim said this very softly.

"Miss Cantrell, I don't suppose this will mean very much coming from me, but I wanted you to know that I admire—and envy—you very much. Your life is very beautiful," the girl said this without looking at Tim. Then she turned, and something she saw in Tim's face made her say, "Well, I'm going in now. I'll see you, Bye," and she was gone.

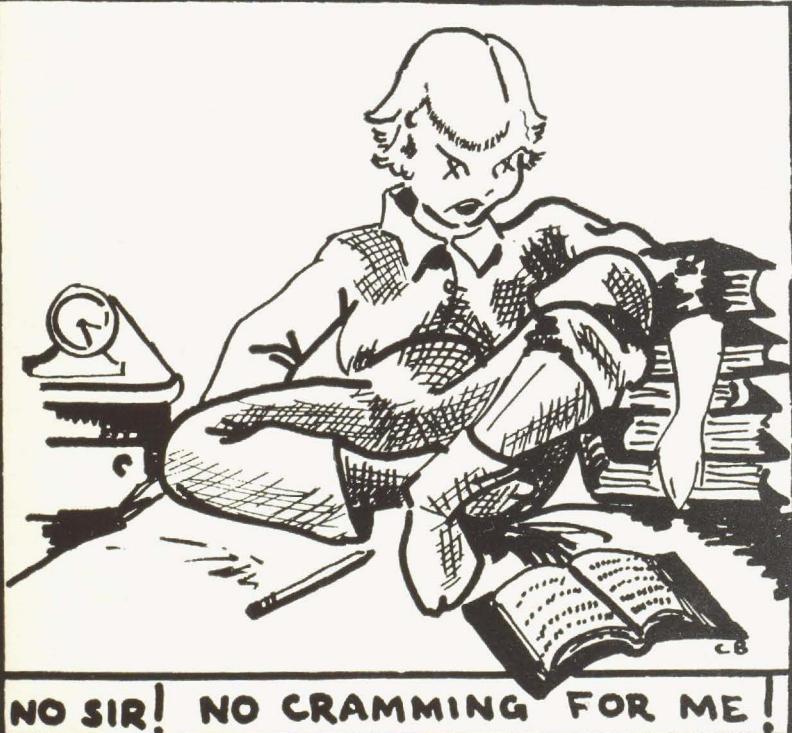
Tim felt alone; she was without emotion. She looked into the dark stillness for the reassurance that she was alone. Then she laughed, long peal of laughter and went inside.

LOST WEEKEND

By SUE QUELCH

I have visited a foreign land,
Where lives a strange and savage band.
The natives there are proud and aloof,
And their happiest state is ninety proof.
They dwell on the site of a temple round
Where snake-curved barricades can be found.
Their social life is weird and wild;
They make the Mau Mau's even seem mild.
Secret societies and Greek letter clans
Work together on devilish plans.
Weekdays the land is quiet and tame;
It's from its weekends that it gets its fame.
This is a time of revels and brawls
With anthems chanted in southern drawls.
Their partners come from far away;
Hollins and Sweetbriar, I've heard them say.
Potent liquids in paper glasses
Baseball games when dawn is breaking
Played by those whose heads aren't aching.
Then back to normal . . . but they can say
They've been to Easters at U. Va.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS...



A fellow was pretty sick and the doctor ordered him to take a long vacation in Arizona. He went there and at the end of two months he died.

They brought the corpse back to Los Angeles and his wife and her brother were viewing the remains.

She said: "Oh, Joe, doesn't he look nice?"

And Joe replied: "He sure does. Those two months in Arizona certainly did him a lot of good."

—Voo Doo

French Prof: What is the difference between 'madame' and 'mademoiselle'?

Youngster: Monsieur.

—Yale Record

The author of a famous book on economics received a phone call one night. The voice said: "I question your statistics on the high cost of living today. My wife and I eat everything our hearts desire and we get it for exactly 68 cents a week."

"Did you say 68 cents a week?" echoed the economist. "Could you speak a little louder?"

"Yes," said the voice. "I did say 68 cents a week, but I can't speak any louder. I'm a gold-fish."

—The Old Line

A grave-digger, absorbed in his thoughts, dug a grave so deep he could not get out. Came nightfall and his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last attracted the attention of a drunk.

"Get me out of here," he shouted, "I'm cold."

The drunk looked into the grave and finally distinguished the form of the uncomfortable grave-digger.

"No wonder you're cold," he said. "You haven't any dirt on you."

—The Log

At a circus in a nearby town, a man thoughtfully stood looking at the camels. Then he picked up a straw, placed it on the camel's back and waited. Nothing happened. "Wrong straw," he muttered and walked away.

—Yale Record

A PAL FOR CHRIS

By MARY NEATE

"Can I play too?" A small yellow haired boy stood at the edge of the field where a group of boys were playing. He waited for the answer that seemed inevitable to him. "Naw, we're almost through; maybe we'll let ya tomorrow." The child quickly turned and started back down the path so the others would not see the tears brimming in his eyes. Chris wanted to run, but instead made himself walk slowly, trying to appear nonchalant by kicking at a stone in the dirt. He missed but tried again. He failed, for he could hardly see the stone through the tears which he still suppressed.

After reaching the safety of the road, Chris ran to the bend in the creek—his own "private hideout." Here the bank hung low over the water, and it was fun just to lie and watch the water bugs skate on the surface. Somehow they didn't hold his interest now; he was too absorbed in his day dreams. "I'll show them, someday," Chris thought, "I'll be good as Babe Ruth. Then they'll be sorry."

Although only half-watching the water, he noticed a crayfish dart into the mud on the bottom of the creek. This interrupted the boy's quiet reverie. This afternoon it would be nice to do something a little different—a crayfish fight! He jumped up in search of a can or bottle and a stick to catch them with.

Suddenly he found himself looking at a boy of his own age who was apparently watching him. The newcomer spoke first, "What's your name? Mine's Tommy.—What'er ya doin'?" After kicking the ground with the toe of his scuffed shoe, Chris looked up. The stranger was tall and had brown hair and a smiling, freckled face. After sizing the boy up, he answered, "I'm Chris, an' I'm gonna have a crayfish fight. Wanna do it too?"

Tommy smiled and answered,

"Sure," but added that he didn't know how it was done. Chris seized this opportunity to be "boss" and replied in an authoritative tone, "Aw, it's easy. Sure I'll show ya. See, the stick is to stir up the mud with and chase 'em out and ya use the can to catch 'em in." Tommy soon learned how it was done. After two cray fish had been secured, a square was drawn in the sand, and the fight began with the aid of sticks to stir up the animals.

That afternoon and the following days passed very quickly for both boys. Each day was spent practicing baseball, sliding down the dirt bank, or lying in the creek. With the aid of his new friend, Chris was soon catching and hitting the ball almost as well as the other boys.

It wasn't until a week later that Chris went to the field again. But he was not alone this time—his new friend was with him. Tommy did not beg permission to play; he strode up to Joe, who was the self-appointed leader, and asked in a confident voice, "Whose team are we on?"

Joe, not used to this manner of speaking, replied haltingly, "Uh, Uh, you play on my side."

Chris retreated to a stump on the edge of the field to wait for his friend. But, he didn't wait long.

Tommy yelled, "Hey, you play right field."

Chris was reluctant at first and hung back. But when the command came again he grinned and took his position.

The game went smoothly until a fly came out to right field. One of the other boys ran over to catch it. Chris leaped to get the ball, as he had always done in the past—when he had been allowed to play. Today was different. The ball was there in his hands and he threw it to first base.

A loud yell was heard above the noise, "a double play." The cry was

taken up in chorus by the other boys.

Chris looked around, noticing the surprised expressions on the faces of his teammates. When his wandering gaze chanced on Tommy, he saw a broad smile on the freckled face which seemed to say, "See, I knew you could do it."

Chris danced all the way back home that day. When he reached the front walk he turned to Tommy, smiled brightly, and said, "I guess I showed them," and ran in, banging the door behind him.

A census taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"

"Five," she snapped. "Me, the old man, the kid, the cow, and the cat."

"And the politics of your family?"

"Mixed. I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the kid's a Whig, the cow's Dry, and the cat's a Populist."

—Yale Record

Stone age lover's slogan . . . I can I saw, I conked her. —Yale Record

The engineer on the Chief woke up one morning, bumped his head against the wall, knocked the alarm clock off the bureau, and broke both shoelaces. At breakfast his toast was burnt, the coffee was cold, and the egg had shells in it. He missed his bus to the roundhouse, but finally got aboard the Chief and was minutes out of Chicago doing 60 m.p.h. when just ahead the Super Chief came around the bend on the same track at 75 m.p.h. The engineer turned to the fireman.

"Say Joe," he said, "did you ever have one of those days when everything seems to go wrong?"

—Yale Record

"If it's heads, we go to bed; if it's tails, we stay up. If it stands on the edge, we study."

—The Yale Record

THE EPAUL

George

(Continued from Page 8)

pies in the covers of jars like mother did.

Now stay in the car until I get it d, dear. Right here in front e house ought to be all right. some of these bags and carry in, will you? Now, remember, go into the living room. I have ready and clean, and you're too to go in. I want you to go right irs and wash. Go straight into itchen and set down your bund- Don't you dare enter that living ! But before you get cleaned you can take the ashes out. I ed the fireplace this afternoon. ah, the boy's home. You can him some work to do. I'm going ck up his father now."

Yes'm. They ain't much 'cepting shes. Well, he could polish these s. But I ain't going to be here while. I'm going to the corner come mint preserves right now." I'll take you, Hannah. Now, ge, remember! Don't go into the g room. Don't leave the bath- dirty. Be sure and wash your Put on a clean shirt. And be by the time I'm back."

ders, orders . . . always these s. He went through the motions polishing the already sparkling ll. It was too bad about Saturday he might have known better. lways seemed to have an ex- But that's not what made him funny inside like this. Like a that won't come untied.

well, where were those ashes? yes. He lifted the pail slowly, firmly walked to the living opened the glass door and d inside, feeling the knot loosen noticed the mud from his shoes e carpet. Then deliberately he the pail and let the chalky fall lightly onto the deep red

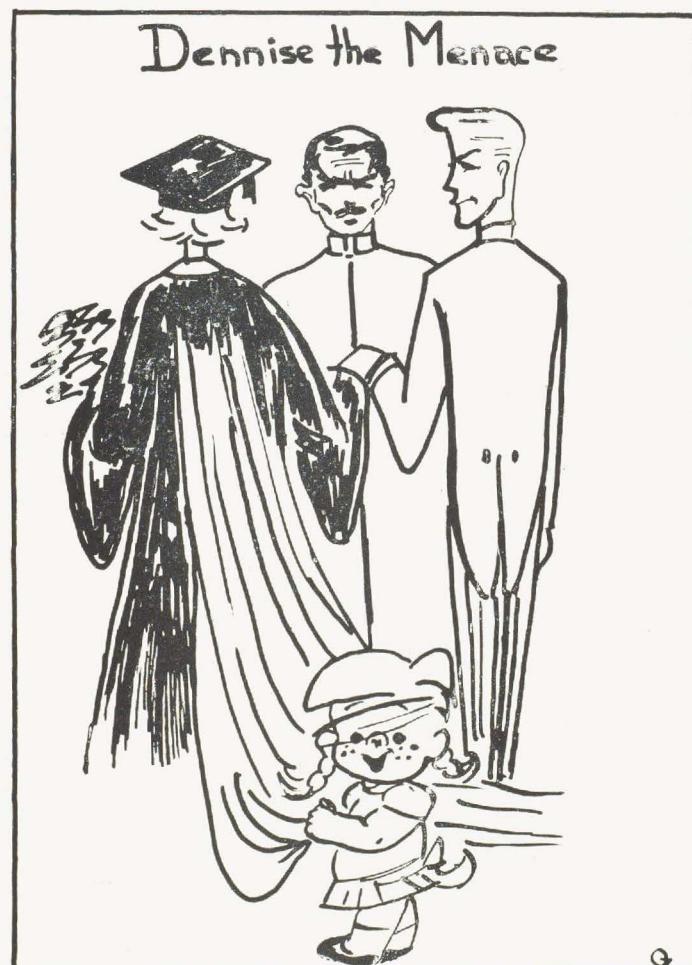
g has sprung, the grass has riz, ider where the flowers is.
the little things is dead
people romping on their bed.

—The Old Line

A Tree

By PAT SEITZ

The tree stands—immobile in the face of time.
"A public eyesore," people say, passing by,
"It should have been cut down long ago."
And still it stands,
Slashed by lightning,
Beaten by rain in spring.
Comforted by the snow in winter.
In its trunk are carved initials, R. S. and C. B., A. N. and M. J.,
Telling of days past.
And years from now,
It will still stand.
And people passing by will say,
"It should have been cut down long ago."



They just couldn't wait!

When You Gotta Go

(Continued from Page 9)

made up my mind. I didn't have to work yet. I could rest all summer and give the universe time to adjust itself to my sunny presence. Then in September—

The front door closed behind me.
"Well?" It was my mother.

"I changed my mind." How could she sneer at me in my moment of defeat?

"Oh."

Then it hit me. The idea of ideas from my fertile mind. Feverishly I gathered together a pile of paper, and some envelopes. I took a sheet of paper and wrote in firm, bold strokes:

Dear Uncle Sam:

Does the Army need ME?

"Why are you wearing that toothbrush in your lapel?"

"Oh, that's my class pin. I went to Colgate." —Syracusan

The game of love has changed little. Now, however, the trump's changed from clubs to diamonds.

—The Splinter

Said Adam to Eve, "You've gone and put my dress suit in the salad again." —The Old Line

If I'm studying when you come in, wake me up. —The Splinter

A small boy's head bobbed up over the garden wall and a meek little voice said, "Please, Mrs. Brown, may I have my arrow?"

"Certainly, where is it?"

"I think it's stuck in your cat."

—Widow

The talkative lady was telling her husband about the bad manners of a recent visitor.

"If that woman yawned once while I was talking to her," she said, "she yawned a dozen times."

"Maybe she wasn't yawning, dear," the husband said, "but trying to say something." —Voodoo

There was a young man from Carew
Who found a dead mouse in his stew
Said the waiter, "Don't shout,
Or wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one, too."

Customer: I'd like some rat poison, please.

Clerk: Will you take it with you?

Customer: No, I'll send the rats over after it. —Yale Record

Freshman: "I don't know."

Sophomore: "I am not prepared."

Junior: "I do not remember."

Senior: "I don't believe that I can add anything to what has been said."

—Rammer Jammer

A despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed into his limousine.

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur.

"Drive off a cliff, James. I'm committing suicide." —Yale Record

APOLOGIES TO POE

By SUE QUELCH

"Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and we
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door;"

Lights out, please.

"Heard you were moving a pi
so came over to help."

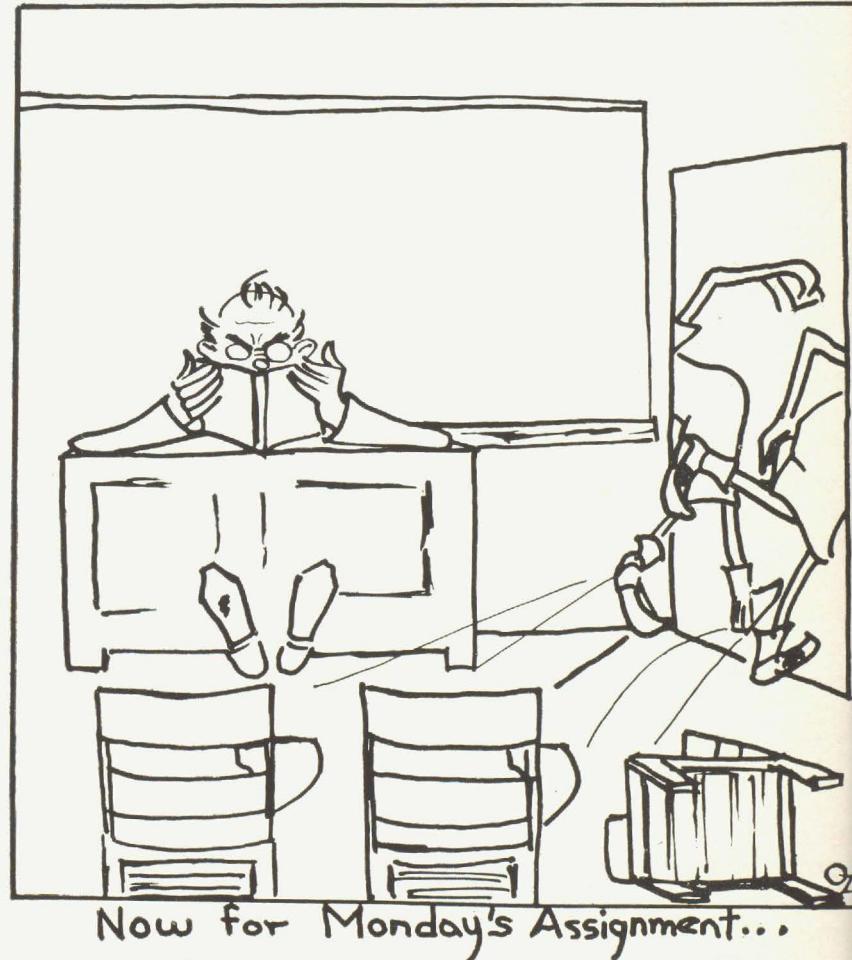
"Thanks, but I've already go
upstairs."

"Alone?"

"Nope, hitched the cat to it
drug it up."

"You mean your cat hauled
piano up two flights of stairs? H
could a cat pull a heavy piano?"

"Used a whip."



Essay On Man--Modernized Slightly

By HETTIE COHEN

The proper study of mankind is man . . . Pope. (It figures)

ce upon a time someone discovered
at "sophomoric"
yimes with "allegoric,"
using much misery to come into the world.
when two words are so affected,
is only natural
at they should be connected.
sophomore is, in the dictionary,
very wise fool
d that, according to most men,
usually the rule.
allegory
story
ut good (rah!)
d evil (bah!)
ny allegories have been wrote
men of great note
d it is generally known that
d Byron (for he was a lord, truly)
uld sacrifice anything in order to rhyme
n if it meant getting unruly,
ich accounts for "wrote" and "note."
n not really illiterate . . .
en you consider it.)
to get back to that sophomore who in a fit
intellectual curiosity signed up for
lish Lit.
s sophomore year is a time of question,
l those who are in it are always open to suggestion
m various sources because their minds
finds
let us say, mobile.
d even that is being noble.)
various sources
ut whom we spoke a few lines ago
that there are forces
good and evil at work all the time
very sophomore's soul—even mine.
so, through cause, effect, and elimination
must come to some information
ut the sublimation
ither the good or the evil.
s is a problem, since one knows that
se rascal devils
e continued their revels
le we, merely human beings and therefore quite
in our actions,
always being side-tracked by other attractions.
d on the side of Evil
leaning rather heavily in its favor,
creature of dubious substance and much flavor,
monly known as Man (but opinions have been
known to waver.)
trouble lies in the fact

That halfway in the act
Of doing some great deed,
The sophomore is interrupted by a handsome brute
Galloping in on a large white steed.
Not knowing, in her innocence, that he is evil in disguise,
And thinking him wise
As well as handsome,
She goes overboard, buying her freedom later for
A King's ransom. (Whatever that is.)
Lo! The poor sophomore—
She didn't know what she was in for. Or maybe she did.
However, Man, as I have stated,
Is a creature mainly over-rated.
The world says to the sophomore that she can either
Take 'em or leave 'em.
(Making sure of course that neither
Of these courses says she must believe in 'em.)
Generalizing, we might mention
That Man, though worthy of detention,
Is Evil, personified,
And woman (blessed creature) is every bit of Good
Exemplified.
It's almost impossible to conceive
That when the good Lord made Adam and Eve
He wanted us to be tangled—
Even mangled—
In this battle of the sexes,
Which very often vexes
Men like Byron, Keats, and Shelley
As well as modern Smith or Kelly.
It's rather sad that Man is bad,
And so concerned with petty vice,
Because (might as well write it—we can't fight it)
Underneath it all—he's rather nice.
Any learned sophomore will tell you to face it,
It's a fact and you can't erase it.
So if your soul's in trouble
And some guy has you seeing double,
Remember the allegory
Mentioned in this story—
If you want the Good to seek
Look in Woman, though she's weak.
Man, on the other hand, is Evil, and, therefore,
Should be classed with Satan, or some other bore.
The sophomore thinks she'll remain a spinster.
(That is, until the min'ster
Happens to be around when she's entertaining.)
But next time someone calls you sophomoric
Tell him you're not, cause you know all about things
allegoric,
Having learned them from an ancient sage
Who managed to come through the sophomoric stage.
Now, sadder, but wiser,
No man can surprise her.

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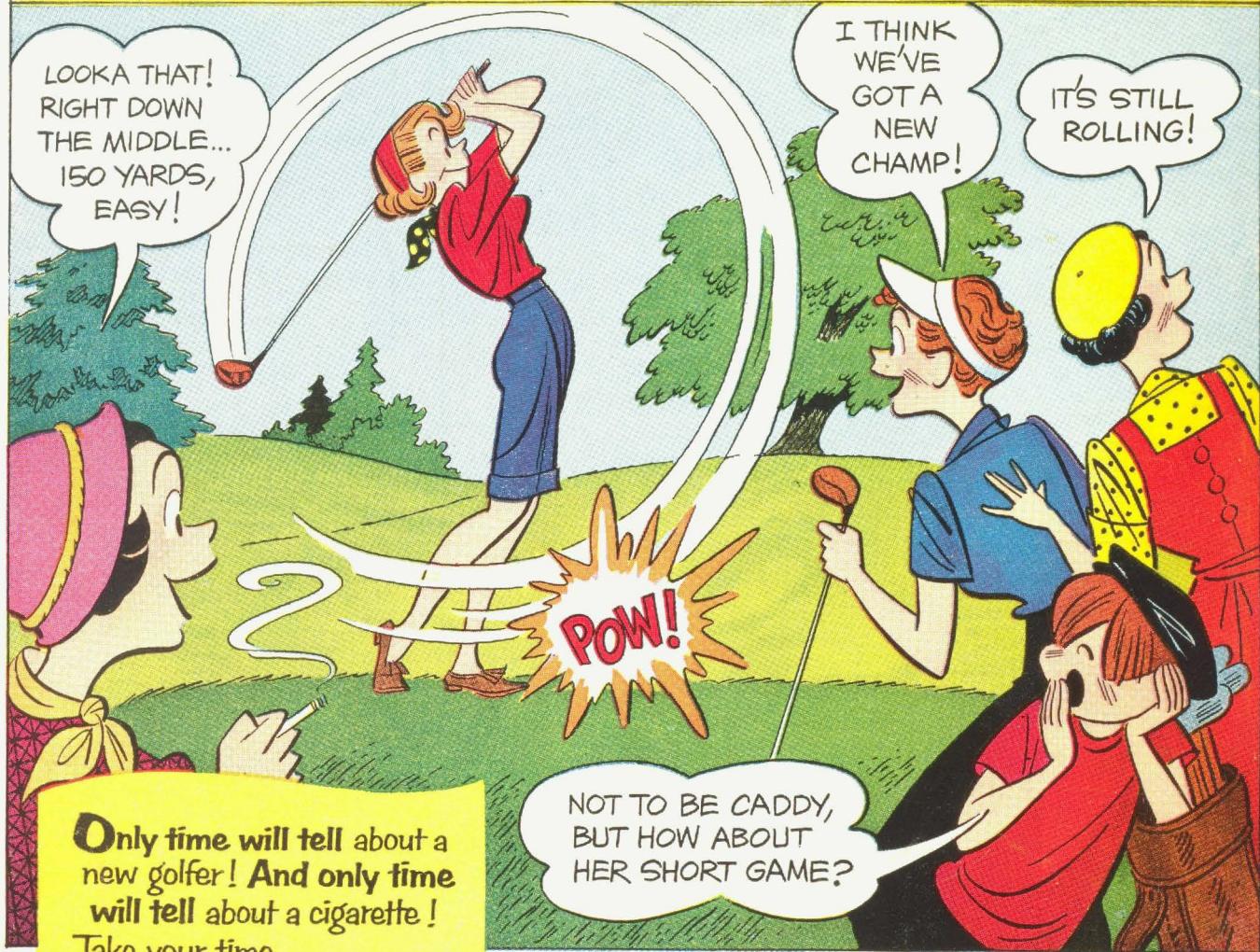
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